

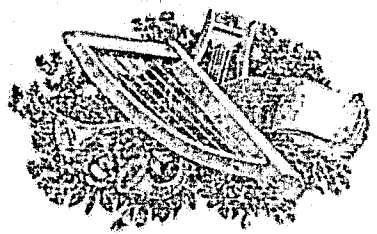
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POETRY.

CANZONET.

Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day,
Silence bestows such virtue on it.

Shakespeare.

Love dwells not in the sparkling blaze,
When noon rests on the stream;
His tender flowrets dare not raise
Their bosoms to the beam.
When gleams the moon through lattice'd bowers,
And stars are shining bright,
He communes with the shadowy hours,
And woos the silent night.
The dreamy perfume of the rose,
The violet's deeper sigh,
The music of the rill that flows
In liquid cadence by,
The sweet tones of some village chime
On sweeter echoes borne—
These, these are joys of evening time,
Which scarcely wait the morn.
Not in the rich and courtly hall
The heart's pure faith is given,
But where the greenwood shadows fall
Beneath a twilight heaven.
Life's crowded pomp and pageant show
May darker passions move,
But solitude alone can know
The intense thoughts of love.
When worldly cares are hushed in sleep,
Love wakes at such an hour,
Young hopes their angel-vigils keep,
And joy resumes its power.
Though night, in all its dusky state,
Althwart the slumberer be thrown;
Yet Beauty's glance can then create
A noontide all her own.

From Friendship's Offering.

A HYMN.

When morn awakes our hearts,
To pour the matin prayer;
When toil-worn day departs,
And gives a pause to care;
When those who souls love best
Kneel with us, in thy dear
To ask thy peace and rest—
Oh God our Father, hear!
When worldly snares without,
And evil thoughts within,
Stir up some impious doubt,
Or lure us back to sin;
When human strength proves frail,
And will but half sincere;
When faith begins to fail—
Oh God our Father, hear!
When in our cup of mirth
The drop of trembling falls,
And the frail props of earth
Are crumbling round our walls;
When back we gaze with grief,
And forward glance with fear;
When faithless man's relief—
Oh God our Father, hear!
When on the verge we stand
Of the eternal clime,
And Death, with solemn hand,
Draws back the veil of Time;
When flesh and spirit quake
Before Thee to appear—
For the Redeemer's sake,
Oh God our Father, hear!

RESPECTABLE.

Not many years since, a well dressed, gen-
teel behaved, smooth spoken fellow, of some-
thing less than thirty, calling himself Hamilton,
came to Bushville, professing to seek employ-
ment as a teacher. Now Squire Bush was the
leading man on the School Committee, and
to him our adventurer was referred. Now
Squire Bush and his wife and daughters all pi-
qued themselves on their respectability. They
were of course enraptured with the politeness
of such a respectable looking man, and were
entirely satisfied with his abilities as a teacher,
when he had examined Master Washington
Bush, and professed the highest admiration of
the wonderful talents and attainments of a lad
whom he did not doubt would one day become
a member of Congress, not forgetting a due
share of commendation for the younger scions
from the prolific Bushes. As half Bushfield
were cousins to the Squire, he was all power-
ful there, and procured the school for the
polite and respectable looking stranger, though ap-
plied for by a man of known character and
abilities, but unfortunately plain in his appear-
ance, and too honest to flatter. Master Ham-
ilton boarded at the Squire's, and soon made

no small progress in the affections of Dolly
Bush, as she was once called, but as she now
styled herself Miss Dorothea Angelica Rose
Bush, a novel sick young lady, who had linger-
ed on to twenty three unmarried, because her
hand had as yet been solicited by only country
farmers and mechanics. To her Douglas
Hamilton threw out hints that he was the son
of an English peer of high rank, and strongly
intimated that it was an accidental glimpse of
the angelical charms of Miss Angelica Rose
Bush which had induced him to condescend to
the degrading employment of a schoolmaster.
These absurdities were eagerly swallowed by
Miss Dorothea Angelica, who, in consulting her
novels, discovered that such eagles were very
common, and moreover that Douglas and Ham-
ilton were both illustrious names, and she could
see at a glance that her Douglas had the air
and manner of a nobleman. In short, she dis-
carded a worthy, substantial and truly respect-
able young farmer, whose addresses she had
begun to admit through despair of obtaining a
respectable looking husband, and consented for
the sake of as much romance as possible, to
leave home clandestinely, and ride ten miles
with the Marquis of Hamilton to have the knot
tied by a clergyman, or one appearing as such,
an utter stranger to her. The Squire, though
not entirely pleased with manner in which they
celebrated, could make no objections to such a
respectable looking son-in-law; especially when
the marchioness, though enjoined to secrecy
by her lord and master, said to her mother and
sisters that her dear Douglas was the son of an
English or Scotch nobleman. The bride re-
ceived a decent portion, and for some weeks
all went on well. At length the Marquis re-
ceived letters announcing the death of his father,
the Duke. It was necessary that he should
return to England immediately; he could not
then take the new Duchess with him, but as
soon as his affairs were settled, return for her,
and take her to adorn the Court of George the
Fourth. Unfortunately, he had spent the large
sums he had brought to America, and must
borrow from his father in law in order to return
home in ducal style. Squire Bush mortgaged
his farm to supply his grace with a sum befit-
ting a Duke. His grace departed, and her grace
waited in vain month after month for his return
or even a line from him. Not even her father's
letter announcing the birth of an heir to the
dukedom of Hamilton received any reply. The
Duchess came to the conclusion that the Duke
had been lost at sea, and that the little Bush
Hamilton had rightfully succeeded to the titles
and estates of Hamilton. But her father, who
was not altogether a fool, began to suspect that
he had been imposed upon, and having adver-
tised for information, soon learned that his grace
was no other than Peter Brown, who had al-
ready married half a dozen wives under dif-
ferent cognomens, and swindled half a dozen
fathers in law. To make a short story of a
long one, the Squire's farm has been sold to
pay the mortgage. Washington Bush has been
obliged to give up the study of the law and to
take to shoe making. The young Duke of
Hamilton has been bound by the town, apprentice
to a tailor. The Duchess Dowager is
neither maid, wife, nor widow.

The Duke has recently been discharged from
Sing-Sing-Prison; still a very respectable look-
ing man; and the young Tiller, the rejected
suitor of Miss Dolly Bush, is now the possessor
of the Squire's farm, his successor as Justice
of the Peace, and lately elected a member of the
Legislature.—[People's Friend.

TERRIFIC COMBAT.

"About eleven o'clock in the forenoon, we
cast anchor in the Burchurra Nudde, with an
extensive forest on both sides; when, at about
a hundred yards from us, an alligator came out
of the river, to enjoy his noontide sleep in the
rays of the sun. After remaining there about
half an hour, apparently in a sound sleep, we
observed an immense tiger emerging from the
jungle, and bending his steps towards the place
where the alligator lay. In size the tiger ex-
ceeded the largest we had ever seen; and his
broad round face when turned towards us, stri-
ped with white, his fierce eye, with the amaz-
ing apparent strength of his limbs, made the
stoutest heart on board tremble at the thought
of encountering such a terrible foe. With the
most cautious pace imaginable, the tiger ap-
proached the alligator; his raised foot remain-
ed up for some seconds before he replaced it
on the ground, and so he proceeded till he came
within the power of his leap, when exerting all
his strength, and bounding from the earth, he
descended immediately upon the alligator's
back, and seized it by the throat. The monster
of the deep roused from his slumber, opened
its tremendous jaws, and lashed his terrific tail;
and while the conflict lasted, each seemed to
exert his utmost strength. The tiger, however
had the advantage, for he had grasped the al-
ligator in a part of the neck, which entirely pre-
vented him from turning his head sufficiently
round to seize his antagonist; and though man-
y severe blows were inflicted on the body of
the tiger, by its saw-like tail, the noble beast of
the forest, when the battle was concluded, shook
his brassy tail, and seemed unconscious of any
pain. Having overcome the alligator, he drag-
ged it a little farther on the shore, and sat over

it exactly in the attitude of a cat over a captive
mouse, he then took the creature in his mouth,
and gently walked off with it into the jungles.
About ten minutes after we saw the tiger e-
merge from the forest, and after gazing at us
for a few minutes, and perhaps imagining that
we were almost too far from the shore to allow
him to add us to the number of his trophies of
victory and blood, he slowly pursued his course
in a different direction to where he had left his
prey, and we saw him no more. In less than
an hour afterwards, the alligator, which had
been stunned, but not killed, crept out of the
jungle, and though evidently much injured, yet
with some difficulty reached the river. He,
however, was too much lacerated to remain long
in the water, and soon came again to land; but
took the precaution of exposing but a part of
his body, and keeping his face towards the shore;
he continued but a very short time, and again
launched into the deep, repeating his visits to
the beach almost every quarter of an hour while
we remained. The sight was certainly dread-
fully magnificent, and one, we believe, which
is very seldom witnessed."—[Missionary Rec-
ords.

From the Saturday (Philadelphia) Courier.

THE TIGER'S CAVE.*

About three years since, after a short resi-
dence in Mexico, I embarked for Guayaquil,
in order to visit from thence the celebrated
mountains of Quito. On arriving at Guayaquil
I found there two travelers, who were preparing
to take the same route. These were Captain
Wharton, an English naval officer, and a young
midshipman, named Lincoln. The frigate
which Wharton commanded had suffered con-
siderably in her voyage through the South
Seas; and as it was now undergoing the neces-
sary repairs, Wharton resolved to devote some
of his leisure time to visiting the forests and
mountains of Quito. It was quickly agreed
that we should make the journey together. I
found Wharton a frank and open-hearted man;
and his young favorite, Lincoln, a youth of 18,
had a handsome sun-burnt countenance, with
an expression of determined bravery.

We set out on a fine clear morning, attended
by my huntsman, Frank, and two Indians as
guides. On beginning to ascend the mountain
the scenery became more enchanting at every
step. The mighty Andes, like a vast amphithe-
atre, covered to their summits with gigantic for-
ests, towered aloft; the snow-crowned Chimbo-
razo reared its proud front; the terrific Coto-
paxi sent forth volumes of smoke and flame;
and innumerable other mountains, branching
from the far spreading Cordilleras, faded away
in the distance. With an involuntary shudder,
I entered the narrow path that leads into the
magnificent forest. The monkeys leaped from
branch to branch; the parrots chattered inces-
santly; and the eagles, from amidst the tall
cypresses where they had built their nests, sent
down a wild cry. The farther we advanced,
new objects presented themselves on every side:
the stately palms, with their broad sword-like
leaves; the singular soap-tree; the splendid
mongolia; the tall wax-tree, and the overgreen
oak, reared themselves proudly over the or-
ange groves, with whose fragrance was blend-
ed the aromatic perfume of the vanilla.

Towards evening, our guides began to quick-
en their pace, and we hastened after them. In
a short time they uttered a shout of joy, of
which we quickly discovered the cause. By
the light of a large fire, which was kindled in
an open space in the forest, we descried a little
Indian village, consisting of several huts erected
on the trunks of trees, and to which were
appended ladders of reeds. The Indian who
was employed in replenishing the fire, answered
the cry of our guides, in a similar tone; and
after a short conference, we were conducted into
one of the huts, where we passed the night.

Early in the morning, we again resumed our
way through the deep shade of the forest, and
in due time stepped to enjoy a repast under a
broad leaved palm. Suddenly, one of the In-
dians motioned to us to be silent, and putting
his ear to the ground, appeared to be listening
to some sound, which, however, was unheeded
by us. We paused and attentively watched
his motions. In a few minutes, he arose, and
beckoned us to follow him into the forest; he
stopped often, and laid his ear to the ground,
and shortly after we heard a female voice
shrieking for help. We hurried on; with diffi-
culty restraining our young midshipman from
advancing before the rest of the party; and had
proceeded but a short way, when the shriek
was repeated close beside us. We stopped,
on a motion from our guides, who, parting gen-
tly the intervening boughs, gave to view a
scene which caused us hastily to grasp our
arms.

In an open space blazed a large fire, round
which were seated several men in tattered uni-
forms; they were armed, and appeared to be
holding a consultation regarding a beautiful In-
dian girl, who was bound by cords to a tree.
The Indians prepared their bows and arrows,
and we beckoned them to desist, until we gave
the signal for attack. On the termination of
the conference, one of the men approached the
girl, and said, "So, you will not conduct us to
your village?" "No," answered the young
Indian, firmly but sobbing.—"Good child!"

he replied, with a scornful laugh, "So you will
not be persuaded to lead us to your hut?"—"No,"
she again replied—"We will see how long the
bird will sing to this tune?"—and with these
words, the ruffian snatched a brand from the
fire, and again approached her. We hastened
to get ready our guns; but the impetuosity
of Lincoln could not be restrained, and cast-
ing his from him, he sprang forward just as the
brand had touched the shoulder of the girl, and
struck the villain lifeless to the earth. At the
same instant, the Indian arrows whistled through
the air, and wounded two of the others, but not
as it appeared dangerously, as they fled with
their terrified companions.

Our midshipman, meanwhile, had unbound
the girl, who, the instant she was free, knelt
before him, and poured out her gratitude in
the most impassioned language. We learned
that her name was Yanna, and that her parents
dwelt in a village in one of the deepest recesses
of the forest—that she had left home early in
the morning to gather cocoa—and that, having
strayed too far, she had suddenly found her-
self surrounded by the ruffians from whom we
had just rescued her, and who had endeavored
by threats and violence, to force her to guide
them to the village. We could not withstand
her prayers to accompany her home. There
we were quickly surrounded by the Indians,
whom we found to possess an almost European
fairness of complexion. Yanna immediately
ran up to her parents, who were chiefs of the
tribe, and spoke to them with animation, using
all the while the most expressive gestures. As
soon as she had finished her narrative, her pa-
rents hastened forward, and kneeling before us,
kissed our hands with expressions of the deep-
est gratitude; the whole of the tribe knelt along
with them, pouring forth mingled thanks and
blessings. Then on a sudden they started up,
and seizing us, they bore us in triumph to the
hut of the chief, where we were treated with
the utmost hospitality. Wharton smiled to me
as he remarked, that our young midshipman
and Yanna had disappeared together. Shortly
after, Yanna returned, holding Lincoln with
one hand, and carrying in the other a chaplet
of flowers, which she immediately placed on
his head. On the following morning we again
set out, and as we parted, the beautiful eyes of
Yanna were filled with tears.

On leaving the village we continued to wind
round Chimborazo's wide base; but its snowy
head no longer shone above us in clear brillian-
cy, for a dense fog was gradually gathering
round it. Our guides looked anxiously to-
wards it, and announced their apprehension of
a severe storm. We soon found that their
fears were well-founded. The fog rapidly
covered and obscured to whole of the moun-
tain; the atmosphere was suffocating, and yet
so humid that the steel-work of our watches
was covered with rust; and the watches stopt.
The river beside which we were travelling
rushed down with still greater impetuosity;
and from the clefts of the rocks which lay on
the left of our path, were suddenly precipitated
small rivulets, that bore the roots of trees, and
innumerable serpents along with them. These
rivulets often came down so suddenly and so
violently, that we had great difficulty in pre-
serving our footing. The thunder at length be-
gan to roll, and resounded in the mountainous
passes. Then came the lightning, flash follow-
ing flash—above, around, beneath—every where
a sheet of fire. We sought a temporary asy-
lum in a cleft of the rocks, whilst one of our
guides hastened forward to seek a more secure
asylum. In a short time, he returned; he
had discovered a spacious cavern. We pro-
ceeded thither immediately, and with great diffi-
culty and not a little danger, at last got in-
to it.

The noise and raging of the storm continu-
ed with so much violence, that we could not
hear the sound of our own voices. I had placed
myself near the entrance of the cave, and could
observe, through the opening, which was straight
and narrow, the singular scene without. The
highest cedar trees were struck down, or bent
like reeds; monkeys and parrots lay strewn
upon the ground, killed by the falling branches;
the water had collected in the path we had just
passed, and hurried along like a mountain
stream. When the storm had somewhat abat-
ed, our guides ventured out in order to ascer-
tain if it were possible to continue on our jour-
ney. The cave in which we had taken refuge
was so extremely dark, that, if we moved a
few paces from the entrance, we could not see
an inch before us; and we were debating as to
the propriety of leaving it before the Indians
came back, when we suddenly heard a singu-
lar growling or growling in the farther end of
the cavern, which instantly fixed all our atten-
tion. Wharton and myself listened anxiously;
but our daring young friend, Lincoln, together
with my huntsman, crept upon their hands and
knees, and endeavored to discover, by groping,
from whence the sound proceeded. They
had not advanced far into the cavern, before
we heard them utter an exclamation of sur-
prise; and they returned to us, each carrying
an animal singularly marked, and about the
size of a cat, seemingly of great strength and
power. Wharton had scarcely glanced at them
when they exclaimed in consternation,
"Good God! we have come in the den of!"

He was interrupted by a fearful cry of disma-
y from our guides, who came rushing precipitate-
ly towards us, crying out, "A tiger! a tiger!"
—and, at the same time, with extraordinary
rapidity, they climbed up a cedar tree, which
stood at the entrance of the cave, and hid them-
selves among the branches.

After the first sensation of horror and sur-
prise, which rendered me motionless for a mo-
ment, had subsided, I grasped my fire-arms.
Wharton had already gained his composure
and self-possession; and he called us to assist
him instantly in blocking up the mouth of the
cave with an immense stone, which fortunately
lay near it. The sense of approaching danger
augmented our strength; for we now distinct-
ly heard the growl of the ferocious animal, and
we were lost beyond redemption, if it reached
the entrance before we could get it closed;
ere this was done, we could distinctly see the
tiger bounding towards the spot, and stooping
in order to creep into his den by the narrow
opening. At this fearful moment, our exertions
were successful, and the great stone kept the
wild beast at bay. There was a small open
space, however, left between the top of the
entrance and the stone, through which we
could see the head of the animal, illuminated
by its glowing eyes, which it rolled, glaring with
fury upon us. Its frightful roarings, too, pene-
trated the depths of the cavern, and was an-
swered by the hoarse growling of the cubs,
which Lincoln and Frank now tossed from them.
Our ferocious enemy attempted first to remove
the stone with his powerful claws, and then to
push it with his head from its place; and these
efforts, proving abortive, served only to increase
his wrath. He uttered a frightful howl, and
his flaming eyes darted light into the darkness
of our retreat.

"Now is the time to fire at him!" said Whar-
ton, with his usual calmness; aim at his eyes;
the ball will go through his brain, and we shall
then have a chance to get rid of him."

Frank seized his double-barrelled gun, and
Lincoln his pistols. The former placed the
muzzle within a few inches of the tiger, and
Lincoln did the same. At Wharton's command
they both drew the triggers at the same mo-
ment; but no shot followed. The tiger, who
seemed aware that the flash indicated an attack
upon him, sprang, growling, from the entrance,
but, feeling himself unhurt, immediately turned
back again, and stationed himself in his former
place. The powder in both pieces was wet;
they, therefore, proceeded to draw the useless
loading, whilst Wharton and myself hastened
to seek our powder flask. It was so extremely
dark, that we were obliged to grope about the
cave; and at last, coming in contact with the
cubs, we heard a rustling noise, as if they were
playing with some metal substance, which we
soon discovered was the canister we were
looking for. Most unfortunately, however, the
animals had pushed off the lid with their claws,
and the powder had been strewn over the
damp earth, and rendered entirely useless.—
This discovery excited the greatest consterna-
tion.

"All is now over," said Wharton; "we have
only to choose whether we shall die of hunger,
or open the entrance to the bloodthirsty mon-
ster without, and so make a quicker end of the
matter."

So saying, he placed himself close behind
the stone, which for a moment defended us,
and looked undauntedly upon the lightning eyes
of the tiger. Lincoln raved and swore; and
Frank took a piece of strong cord from his
pocket, and hastened to the farther end of the
cave, I knew not with what design. We soon,
however, heard a low stifled growling; and the
tiger, who heard it also, became more restless
and disturbed than ever. He went backwards
and forwards before the entrance of the cave
in the most wild and impetuous manner, then
stood still, and stretching out his neck in the di-
rection of the forest, broke forth into a deafen-
ing howl. Our two Indian guides took the
advantage of this opportunity to discharge sev-
eral arrows from the tree. He was struck
more than once; but the light weapons bound-
ed back harmless from his thick skin. At
length, however, one of them struck near the
eye, and the arrow remained sticking in the
wound. He now broke anew into the wildest
fury, sprang at the tree and tore it with his
claws. But having at length succeeded in get-
ting rid of the arrow, he became more calm,
and laid himself down as before in front of the
cave.

Frank now returned from the lower end of
the den, and a glance showed us what he had
been doing. He had strangled the two cubs;
and before we were aware of his intention, he
threw them through the opening to the tiger.
No sooner did the animal perceive them than
he gazed earnestly upon them, and began to
examine them closely, turning them cautiously
from side to side. As soon as he became
aware that they were dead, he uttered so pierc-
ing a howl of sorrow, that we were obliged to
put our hands on our ears. When I censured
my huntsman for the rashness and cruelty of
the action, I perceived by his blunt and abrupt
answers that he also had lost all hope of rescue
and with it all sense of the ties between master
and servant.

The thunder had now ceased, and the storm had sunk into a gentle gale; we could hear the songs of birds in the neighboring forest, and the sun was streaming among the branches. The contrast only made our situation more horrible. The tiger had laid himself down beside his whelps. He was a beautiful animal, of great size and strength, and his limbs being stretched out at full length, displayed an immense power of muscle. All at once another roar was heard at a distance, and the tiger immediately rose and answered it with a mournful howl. At the same instant our Indians uttered a shriek, which announced that some new danger threatened us. A few moments confirmed our worst fears, for another tiger not quite so large as the former, came rapidly towards the spot where we were. "This enemy will prove more cruel than the other," said Wharton, "for this is the female, and she knows no pity for those who deprive her of her young."

The howls which the tigress gave, when she had examined the bodies of her cubs, surpassed every conception of the horrible that can be formed; and the tiger mingled his mournful cries with her's. Suddenly her roaring was lowered into a hoarse growling, and we saw her anxiously stretch out her head, extend her nostrils, and look round as if in search of the murderers of her young. Her eyes quickly fell upon us, and she made a spring forward with the intention of penetrating into our place of safety. Perhaps she might have been enabled by her immense strength to push away the stone, had we not with all our united power, held it against her. When she found that all her efforts were fruitless, she approached the tiger who lay stretched out beside his cubs, and he rose and joined in their hollow roaring. They stood together for a few moments as if in consultation, and then suddenly went off in a rapid pace, and disappeared from our sight. Their howling died away in the distance, and then entirely ceased. We now began to entertain better hopes of our condition; but Wharton shook his head—"Do not flatter yourselves," said he, "with the belief that these animals will let us escape out of their sight till they have had their revenge. The hours we have to live are numbered."

Nevertheless there appeared a chance of our rescue, for to our surprise, we saw both our Indians standing before the entrance, and heard them call to us to seize the only possibility of flight, for that the tigers had gone round the height, possibly to seek another inlet to the cave. In the greatest haste the stone was pushed aside, and we stepped forth from what we had considered a living grave. Wharton was the last who left it; he was unwilling to lose his double-barrelled gun, and stopped to take it up; the rest of us thought only of making our escape. We now heard once more the roaring of the tigers though at a distance; and following the example of our guides, we precipitately struck into a side path. From the number of roots and branches of trees with which the storm had strewn our way, and the slipperiness of the road, our flight was slow and difficult.

We had proceeded thus for a quarter of an hour, when we found that our way led along the edge of a rocky cliff with innumerable fissures. We had just entered upon it, when suddenly the Indians who were before us, uttered one of their piercing shrieks, and we immediately became aware that the tigers were in pursuit of us. Urged by despair, we rushed towards one of the breaks or gulfs in our way, over which was thrown a bridge of reeds, that sprung up and down at every step, and could be trod with safety by the light foot of the Indians alone. Deep in the hollow below rushed an impetuous stream, and a thousand pointed and jagged rocks threatened destruction on every side. Lincoln, my huntsman, and myself, passed over the chasm in safety; but Wharton was still in the middle of the wavy bridge, and endeavoring to steady himself, when both the tigers were seen to issue from an adjoining forest; and the moment they descried us they bounded towards us with dreadful roarings. Meantime Wharton had nearly gained the safe side of the gulf, and we were all clambering up the rocky cliff except Lincoln, who remained at the ready bridge to assist his friend to step upon firm ground. Wharton, though the ferocious animals were close upon him, never lost his courage or presence of mind. As soon as he had gained the edge of the cliff he knelt down, and with his sword divided the fastenings by which the bridge was attached to the rock. He expected that an effectual barrier would thus be put to the further progress of our pursuers; but he was mistaken, for he had scarcely accomplished his task, when the tigress, without a moment's pause, rushed towards the chasm and attempted to bound over it. It was a fearful sight to see the mighty animal for a moment in the air above the abyss; but her strength was not equal to the distance—she fell into the gulf, and before she reached the bottom was torn into a thousand pieces by the jagged points of the rocks. Her fate did not in the least dismay her companion, he followed her with an immense spring, and reached the opposite side, but only with his fore claws, and thus he clung to the edge of the precipice, endeavoring to gain a footing. The Indians again uttered a wild shriek, as if all hope had been lost. But Wharton, who was nearest the edge of the rock, advanced courageously towards the tiger, and struck his sword in the animal's breast. Maddened with pain, the furious beast collected all his strength, and fixing one of his hind legs upon the edge of the cliff, he seized Wharton by the thigh. The heroic man still preserved his fortitude; he grasped the stem of a tree with his left hand, to steady

and support himself, while with his right he wrenched, and violently turned the sword that was still in the breast of the tiger. All this was the work of an instant. The Indians, Frank, and myself, hastened to his assistance; but Lincoln, who was already at his side, had seized Wharton's gun which lay near upon the ground, and struck so powerful a blow with the butt end upon the head of the tiger, that the animal, stunned and overpowered, let go his hold, and fell back into the abyss. The unhappy Lincoln, however, had not calculated upon the force of his blow; he staggered forward, reeled upon the edge of the precipice, extended his hand to seize upon any thing to save himself—but in vain. For an instant he hovered over the gulf, and then fell into it, to rise no more.

We gave vent to a shriek of horror—then for a few minutes there was a dead and awful silence. When we were able to revert to our own condition, I found Wharton lying insensible on the brink of the precipice. We examined his wound, and found that he was torn dreadfully. The Indians collected some herbs, the application of which stopped the bleeding, and we then bound up the mangled limb. It was now evening, and we were obliged to resolve upon passing the night under the shelter of some cleft in the rocks. The Indians made a fire to keep the wild beasts from our couch; but no sleep visited my eyes. I sat at Wharton's head and listened to his deep breathings. It became more hard and deep, and his hand grasped violently, as if in convulsive movements. His consciousness had not returned, and in this situation he passed the whole night. In the morning the Indians proposed to bear our wounded friend back to the village we had left the previous day. They plaited some strong branches together, and formed a bridge to re-pass the gulf. It was a mournful procession. On the way Wharton suddenly opened his eyes, but instantly closed them again, and lay as immovable as before. Towards evening we drew near our destination; and our Indian friends, when they saw our situation, expressed the deepest sympathy; but the whole tribe assembled round us, and uttered piercing cries of grief, when they learnt poor Lincoln's fate. Yanna burst into tears; and her brothers hastened away, accompanied by some other Indians, in search of the body. I remained with my wounded friend; he still lay insensible to every thing around him. Sleep at length overpowered me. Towards morning, a song of lamentation and mourning aroused me—it was from the Indians who were returning with Lincoln's body. Yanna was weeping beside it. I hastened to meet them, but was glad to turn back again, when my eyes fell on the torn and lifeless body of our young companion. The Indians had laid him upon the tiger's skins, which they had strewn with green boughs—and they now bore him to the burial place of their tribe. Yanna sacrificed on his tomb the most beautiful ornament she possessed—her long black hair—an offering upon the grave of him who, it is possible, had first awakened the feelings of tenderness in her innocent bosom.

On the third day, as I sat at Wharton's bed, he suddenly moved; he raised his head, and opening his eyes, gazed fixedly upon a corner of the room. His countenance changed in a most extraordinary manner; it was deadly pale, and seemed to be turning to marble. I saw that the hand of death was upon him—"All is over," he gasped out, while his looks continued upon the same spot, "where it stands!"—and he fell back and expired.

* We give this narration upon Danish authority. It is related by A. F. Elmquist, of Copenhagen.—(Eu.)

FOREIGN NEWS.

LATEST FROM ENGLAND.

The packet ship Philadelphia, Capt. Morgan has arrived at New York from London. She left Portsmouth on the 19th ultimo, and brings London dates to the evening of the fifth of that month. The British Parliament was in session and had before it some interesting subjects.

In the House of Lords, June 4th, in answer to a question of Lord Lansdowne, it was said, "for the information of the noble Lord, I can state to him that his favorite Don Miguel, is at present safe on board a British ship of war."

A lay commission to inquire in the state of church property in Ireland, and in the number of Catholics and Protestants has been issued. It is under the royal seal, and directed to the Lord Chancellor, Viscount Melbourne, and other competent barristers, who will endeavor to ascertain the state of each Parish, with reference to the means of education, the number and description of schools, the kind of instruction afforded therein, the average attendance at each, and the sources from which they are supported; and to state generally whether the numbers attending the same have, for the last five years, been increasing, stationary, or diminishing. "To inquire generally whether adequate provision is now made for the religious instruction and for the general education of the people of Ireland. To report such other circumstances connected with the moral and political relations of the church establishment, and the religious institutions of other sects as may bring clearly into view their bearings on the general condition of Ireland."

The intelligence from Paris is to the 3d but no news of importance had transpired, the approaching election still continuing to engross public attention.

The report of the capture of Don Carlos and Don Miguel is fully confirmed. The royal pair were to be taken to England in the Donagel 74 gun ship. Don Miguel is to receive a pension of sixty contos or reis or between 16 and

17,000 pounds sterling per annum, and binds himself not to return to the Peninsula or to interfere in the affairs of Portugal.

Don Pedro it is said, enjoys his conquests with a becoming spirit of moderation. He has issued a decree of amnesty for all political offences committed since the 1st of July, 1826, annulling those who submit themselves, and take the oath of allegiance to the young Queen within forty-eight hours after the publication of the decree, to the restitution and enjoyment of their property. The decree does not include the restitution of ecclesiastical, political and civil offices, nor of crown property, or the oblivion of offences committed against individuals.

The amount of property taken at Elvas, belonging to Don Miguel, amounted to nearly £300,000.

The war is still going on in the northern provinces of Spain, the Queen's Generals quarrelling among themselves. The French ambassador at Aranjuez had been grossly insulted and pelted with stones; and it was reported that the Neapolitan and Prussian ministers had demanded their passports and were about to leave Madrid.

Pedro had been fired upon while traveling on his way to Ramalho, a country seat near Clatra, about 16 miles from Lisbon. One of the shots entered the coach. The guilty parties escaped.

Don Manuel Saens de Velasco has been arrested in Madrid. He is said to be the agent of Don Carlos.

The Spanish government were about negotiating a loan of 200,000,000 reals at Paris.

The continental news generally is without interest.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, JULY 29, 1834.

Give us an anti-Jackson administration say the federalists, and the people can pay their debts, and all the present existing distress will be relieved. A simple change in our rulers cannot effect this, but it must be the consequence of some new laws or a system of measures that would be produced by such a change. And what is the great change required by the federalists in order to produce this golden age? They possess already a majority in the Senate of the U. States, and we must therefore look to the measures proposed by them there as evidences of the change which they think necessary in order to remedy all the existing evils. And what are the remedies proposed by these self-styled patriots for all the evil and suffering which they allege to exist in the country, resulting as a necessary consequence from the bad measures of the present administration? The sole remedy proposed, the panacea according to those political quacks for all human suffering, is the recharter of the U. S. Bank. This solitary act would produce all the good effects which the federalists are anxious to bring about. But the people have already settled this question. The gross corruptions of that institution, the distress which it has wantonly brought upon the community, its daring defiance of the government and the people; have filled the people with indignation and opened their eyes to its dangerous power, and anti-republican tendency. That institution can never be rechartered with the consent of the people. The only change then proposed by the opposition, if they possessed the power, is one which the people have condemned, and which they never can be brought to sanction. But it may be said that if the federalists had the power they would change the public officers. They undoubtedly would. But the question in which the people are interested, is, would they change them for the better. Take any individual you please, and put him in opposition to the President and let the people vote to-morrow, and Jackson would receive more than two thirds of the votes. His honesty, no respectable man among the opposition ventures to question. Of his talents, sagacity, and devotion to the best interests of the country the people have had abundant evidence. The question presented to the people, when stripped of the ornaments with which the heated partisans love to bedeck it, is simply this, shall the Bank be rechartered? The federalists say that this institution or a similar one is, if not absolutely necessary, at least highly advantageous to the government and the people. The democrats say, (and these are the sentiments of the present administration,) that such an institution is anti-republican in its nature, and in its tendency dangerous to our liberties. We need not go on to repeat the arguments urged on both sides of this question, because that is not our present object. We say nothing of the different principles of the two parties, though these are palpable and distinct enough, and the absorbing question of the bank forms an apt illustration of our different views. Every voter is called upon to decide this question. Which do you prefer for your president Andrew Jackson or Nicholas Biddle? or in other words, shall the people or the Bank rule this country?

We have seen it stated in several papers that the federalists of Boston are raising contributions for the aid of their brethren in this State, to be expended in the circulation of political newspapers and pamphlets in the back towns in our State. What effect can they hope to produce by these means among men who they say cannot read? Do they intend to employ an agent to read as well as distribute? Our independent yeomanry ought to be very grateful for the kindness of the Boston Aristocrats, who are willing to spend their time and money in enlightening the ignorant natives of this State, and instructing them how to vote at the coming election. We cannot say what effects will be produced this year, but we know what has been the result heretofore, of federal exertion in this way. We have gained two votes where we have lost one. The people of this county can neither be flattered nor driven from the cause which their judgment dictates as true and democratic. They read much on both sides of the question and decide for themselves. Any attempt to wheedle or mislead them is sure to produce a reaction.

OXFORD DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION. We would call the particular attention of our readers to the notice for a convention to be held next month for the nomination of county officers. Our opponents deserve credit for exertion and perseverance worthy of a good cause. They spare neither time, pains nor money to effect their objects. They are well organized and disciplined. Their county, town, and district committees are appointed and active. When the desperate and ambitious are thus combining, it becomes the people to arouse and beatify themselves. Let the democracy of Oxford arise in their strength and their enemies will be scattered. In order to ensure unanimity and concert of action in the county and district, let every town and plantation be represented in the approaching convention. Experience has taught us that such conventions are necessary for the concentration of public opinion, and for the selection of candidates satisfactory to a majority of the people. Those who neglect to let their voice be heard or to make their minds known have little reason for complaint if their favorites are not selected. We trust that not even the busy season of the year when the labors of the husbandman press heavily upon him, will detain the democracy from the performance of what we consider an imperative duty.

Where is the national republican party of last year? Where they then were fighting the battles of the Bank—opposing the democracy of the country, and seeking to restore the principles of the elder and younger Adams. Why have they changed their names, unless because their conduct has disgraced it? What is it to be a federalist? exclaims one of the modern whigs. He then answers, it is to belong to the same party with Daniel Webster, John Marshall, John Holmes, &c. This is a true and candid answer. And are the veteran democrats of Maine to exchange the principles in which they have been nurtured, for the ultra federalism of such men? Do they consider the honor of having such associates sufficient to atone for the humiliation of adopting the servile principles of that party—that government should take care of the rich and let the rich take care of the poor—that men who labor ten or twelve hours a day are incapable of it, and have no right to trouble themselves about the affairs of government; that so long as they receive their daily wages they should not and will not care by whom or how government is administered? Will such maxims become popular with the people here by calling them "whig principles"? If so, then we have widely mistaken the feelings and disposition of the people of this State. If such sentiments meet the approbation of our yeomanry, then will the federal party triumph and not till then.

The Bank having exerted its utmost endeavors to extort a recharter from Congress by bringing distress upon the people, finding its exertions vain, has consented to relax its grasp and afford a temporary relief to its victims. The merchants of New York understanding we'll the source from whence their sufferings originate and to whom they ought to apply for relief, have petitioned the money-king for some indulgence. In their petition they state what the democratic party have always contended for, that the distress of which the commercial community have complained has arisen from the restrictions imposed by the U. S. Bank. Congress having adjourned and there being no longer any hope of operating upon them through the distress of the people, the truth is now admitted that the Bank caused the distress and can relieve it. President Biddle promises some indulgence to his subjects, probably through fear, lest despair should drive them to desert his allegiance. Another thing is also to be taken into consideration. The fall elections are approaching, and it is thought that the millions now hoarded in the vaults of the Bank may be employed more usefully for the interests of that institution, in influencing their representatives in Congress than in being hoarded there. The people are not so blind but that they can both see and understand all these maneuvers.

The federalists are now anxiously endeavoring to keep the Bank out of sight, and telling the people that it has nothing to do with the present political contest. What other question has occupied the attention of Congress during their late protracted session? What have the opposition attempted besides a recharter of the Bank? all their efforts have been directed to this single object, and for this the struggle is to be made at the ensuing elections. All their other efforts are subsidiary to this, and have this in view. The hope of power and office is the sole bond of union among the opposition, and their only hope of obtaining this is through the money and power of the Bank. It is true that this is not necessarily connected with the conflicting principles of the two great parties in our country—Democratic and Federal—but the aristocracy have chosen to associate themselves with it for the purpose of procuring its assistance and it is now too late for them to shrink from the issue.

[FOR THE DEMOCRAT.]

MR. EDITOR: As the principles and acts of the opponents to the present National and State Administrations, become developed in the course of their practice, perhaps an occasional exposure of them to the public may be attended with some utility. It will show, at least, the new phrases and aspects, which the party have assumed and are capable of assuming, and the plan and method of their electioneering operations. And perhaps there never was a crisis, in the politics of the nation, which demanded more vigilance and promptitude in searching out and making known the real positions and movements of an opposition party, than the present. Desperate in their purposes, reckless of consequences and cannon like in their appearances, no means are too audacious or despicable to be adopted and used by them, if they only tend to effectuate or promote the accomplishment of their designs. They lurk in ambush, and vociferate "peace, peace," for their very war-cry. It appears to be an established principle and rule of practice among them, that the more perfect the deception, the more laudable the act. And evidence of the truth of this assertion is daily developing itself in every portion of the nation.

It is now time to warn the unsuspecting and the unskilled in the political tactics of the opposition, of the danger which surrounds them, of being deceived and led astray. To all such, if such there are in the republican ranks, the following facts, which have recently transpired, must remove all doubts and prove beyond cavil or question, that the movements of the opposition are carried on and enshrouded in the blankness of darkness.

On the 4th inst., at the place and during the hours of the celebration of the day by the republican party at Bethel, a gentleman, who has acquired considerable notoriety as the standing depository and distributor of a large proportion of the papers, documents and money, which have been sent to, and made use of in that town and vicinity, by the federal party in carrying on their electioneering warfare, banded to another gentleman, residing at the lower part of the town, and who was supposed to belong to the federal ranks, some blanks, designed, when

filled up, to show the actual state of the political parties in each school-district in that portion of the town. The blanks were marked off or divided into three columns. The first column being intended to show the number of those who were in favor of the National and State Administrations; the second, the number opposed, and the third, the number considered doubtful. And each blank had a direction, written upon the back of it similar to the following: "To be returned by the 10th of July to the town committee." A direction was then given by the gentleman who handed, to the gentleman who received the blanks, to return them when filled, to one of two gentlemen, who reside in Bethel, and who are to be considered as belonging to the federal town-committee of Bethel.

Here then is undoubtedly a true though partial exposition of a part of the system of the political operations, which have been adopted by the federal party to affect the September elections. It was unquestionably considered by them a measure preliminary and preparatory to the making of their nominations. But small indeed must be the consolation, which federal gentlemen can derive from the result of their secret labors. For from the returns it appears that from four school-districts, there are seventy-three in favor of the National and State Administrations, only two opposed, and ten considered doubtful. Will federal gentlemen pretend to say, that the returns give a federal, alias national republican, alias modern whig majority?

HONESTUS

From the Argus.

THE FEDERAL GAME;

OR
Country mode of making distress.

We learn that it is among the federal tactics in the country at the present time, for every trader to call lustily upon all classes of customers who may be indebted to him, either to pay up instantly, be sued, or vote against the administration candidates of the republican party at the coming election. There is a boldness in the Advertiser's hints upon this subject, which we little expected to see even in that paper. After expending near a column in predicting the approach of great distress in the country, among farmers in particular, and great falling off in the prices of produce, which are not as yet, yet are to take place by and by, it says—"Already money is scarce in the country. The farmers are told, find it difficult to raise money to pay their taxes. The country traders call in vain upon their customers for money."

It is not to be supposed that plainer hints are to be given by a politician of any foresight, upon a subject so delicate as that of *oppressing debtors for political effect*. Nor is it to be supposed, that the game of thus taking advantage of our shrewd and independent yeomanry is to be played by presenting them the choice of paying up, being sued, or voting as the creditor shall dictate, in the open and barefaced manner in which we have exposed it above. But, the debtor is to be handled here shrewdly. He is to be crowded for payment by the creditor. In this way he is to be talked into a belief of general distress. At this point he is to be rallied and persuaded that it is all owing to the policy of the national administration, and that the Banks have nothing to do with it; and if he can be made to stick here indulgence may be given or accorded as a great favor. This new understanding is to guide the debtor's vote at the coming election, and this is the mode in which the country is to be revolutionized!

Spirit of Liberty! are the rights of independent freemen—those who are the sovereigns of the soil and the guardians of the dearest birth-right of Americans, to be thus tampered with, oppressed and subjugated to the cause of federal opposition? How proudly did they scorn British impressment in former days, intended to compel them to fight against their own kindred and country. But with what increased indignation will they not meet this new species of impressment, instituted by a semi-British Bank monopoly, that is designed to compel them not only to fight against country and kindred, but also against themselves and their own dearest rights and most exalted principles.

FREEMEN of Cumberland and of Maine—the day of the coming election is susceptible of being made a proud and memorably day in the annals of our State. By the exercise of manly independence and patriotic firmness it can be made so. But by neglect, and particularly by a desertion of the great principles of the republican party on that day, it will no less certainly be rendered a day of endless reproach to us all. Let us strive together to avoid such a hateful result, and may the God of our fathers be in the midst of our patriotic councils.

From the New-York Times.

THE FALL ELECTION.

The Bank Biddle paper party are making great preparation for the ensuing fall. Already are they on the ground, with an activity and perseverance worthy a better cause. Already do we see the dust rising, with which they hope to blind the eyes of honest democrats. Already do we hear it trumpeted forth, from their corrupted mouth-pieces, "it is not the Bank for which we fight—it is the constitution, the laws." Alas! the veil is too thin, the cover is too slight—we see their hearts. The fact is evident, that in the state of that overshadowing institution, is theirs also. With it they live, with it they die. In short, it is the Bank, and nothing but the Bank. To this then, are we to pin them, on this ground shall we conquer.

It is not my purpose at the present time to speak of the enormities of the Bank—of its grasping powers—of its corrupting influence.

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No! the people are aware of its power and its guilt. They have examined, and they are convinced that it is an institution, at once dangerous to liberty—an institution, which if left to itself, will one day overwhelm this Republic in ruin.

The fall election is to decide, whether we are a free people, or whether we are slaves to a monied aristocracy.

There does not appear to be much activity on the part of the democracy, while on the other side all is bustle. We may feel too confident of victory, and thereby become defeated. Every thing should be done that can be done. All that is wanting is exertion. We must remember that we have not thousands of dollars to squander away in the purchasing of votes. Our Cause is all that we have to offer and to plead, and that cause of LIBERTY and EQUALITY. Our success depends upon exertion.

Our county seems to have been, for the last few days, a favorite resort for political missionaries from other parts of the State. First, we had the Duke of Alfred, preaching loyalty to his Chinese subjects—next appeared, at Winthrop, a special messenger from Cumberland, bringing with him two hundred Portland Advertisers, to enlighten the benighted democrats in that section of the county—then followed an Ex-Sheriff of Cumberland with another load of political tracts, and, for the purpose of giving them a better currency, occasionally leaving the little copper medal of the U. S. Bank, to be worn probably by those who are willing to go the whole hog for his recharter—and next comes from Portland an Ex-Sheriff of Lincoln, accompanied by his man Friday, the would-be Collector of Portland, distributing in their progress the Post Office report and other infamous publications. Who will next appear we know not—but of this they may all be assured, that the yeomanry of Kennebec are capable of making up their opinions upon the political topics of the day without foreign interference and dictation—and when once formed, it is not in the power of the Branch Bank Junta of Portland to drive, flatter or purchase them.—[Age.]

The Democracy are coming. The signs of the times are propitious. The Democracy in all parts of the Union are waking up and coming forward to sustain their principles and the administration against the nightly attacks of the Federalists and the Bank. They are coming to the rescue from the North, the South and the great West and will carry all before them and sweep away the refugees of lies which the retained lawyers of the Bank have thrown around its corruptions. The people are coming—the factious conduct of the Senate has opened their eyes and they will again tell the Federal Aristocracy, as they did in 1832, that though they make a great show, a great noise, they are in fact a meagre little minority that the real democracy of the country can take care of whenever they see fit and under whatever name they appear.—[Age.]

Extract of a letter to a gentleman in this city, dated Boston, July 19, 1834.
Dear Sir—Agents from Portland are now in this city, obtaining subscriptions of money to be expended in the coming election in Maine.—The subscription paper was passed among the Federalists in Kilby street yesterday. Some gave One Hundred Dollars! others Fifty Dollars, and others smaller sums. The Federalists in this city say there will be more money expended in Maine at the next election, than in all others heretofore had in that State put together.

The Democracy of Maine is to be assailed by enemies from without as well as those within. That fair, young, and enterprising State, is to feel the withering touch of Boston Federalism in the next election. That she may be preserved from its death-like embrace, is the hope of every patriot.—[Argus.]

From the Argus,
PRICE OF WOOL.

If there were any truth or sense in the Advertiser's continued lamentations upon the price of wool, it must be a very sorry article for any one to deal in. For let what might happen in the progress of the present national administration, that paper has mourned on account of the effect which the event would certainly produce among farmers in lessening the price of wool! Upon this subject, in view of every new election particularly, the Advertiser has on every year, we think, since 1829, Jackson's first inauguration, poured out awful forebodings mingled with tears and condolences for our our farmers! Inasmuch that in the country it is now often asked in ridicule, when a thunder shower rises, or a horse takes fright and happens to injure any article of property, or when any other trivial event occurs—"what will be the effect upon the price of wool?"

But to avoid circumlocution upon this matter and in the exercise of generous forbearance towards an opponent, we will finish our article with a couple of specimens, from his own pen, going back only two years for the first, and taking the other from his current account of troubles among wool!

[From the Daily Advertiser of June 22, 1832.]
Wool. The Argus seems to think, that the proposed reduction of the duty on wool by Gen. Jackson's Secretary of the Treasury, has had no effect upon the price. We have not room for a longer comment, but we ask the farmer to remember these facts, and then make his own reflections. First, that last spring, when it was thought the duty was settled, wool commanded a high price in Portland and Boston. Speculators patrolled the country in all directions; and were glad to buy it at the farmer's

doors. Next, let it be remembered, that as soon as the "judicious tariff" of Jackson was announced, wool would not sell for any price, and is now a mere drug in the market. * * * It is not for us to calculate the value of Jacksonism to its worshippers; but we ask the farmer if he is willing to give ten and twenty cents a pound in his wool in order to keep Jackson in office? We ask the State if she is willing to lose in cash well distributed by manufacturers in every town, three or four hundred or even five hundred thousand dollars for the purpose of making Andrew Jackson the next President?

Such were the doleful meditations of the Advertiser respecting wool, two years since. A few days since they returned upon its editor in the following strain:—

Wool last year sold from 37 to 55 cents.—The farmers are now about bringing it to market; and the price is from 25 to 45 cents.—When the pressure began, the crops of the farmer were sold, and as yet he has felt the pressure but slightly in comparison with merchants. But as his crops come to market, he will feel it bitterly. He is already feeling it in the article of wool!

From the Augusta Age.
"If it aid the administration to say that General Jackson imitates the example and follows the precepts of him [Jefferson] whose administration we have never refrained from declaring was the PRIMAL CURSE upon our country, we cannot help it."—[Boston Courier.]

The article from the Boston Courier, under the caption of "Jefferson and Jackson," which we republished two or three weeks since, has called forth the vengeance of several opposition presses against the editor of that paper. The Courier of last week contains a reply, from which the foregoing extract is taken, repelling the attacks and maintaining the correctness of the opinion previously expressed that, "no other President has so constantly, faithfully, and earnestly pursued the principles and policy of Thomas Jefferson as Andrew Jackson."

The Boston Courier is the organ of Mr. Webster and the leading opposition paper in New England. Its editor has always been an uncompromising and consistent Federalist, and, unlike many of his political associates has the independence and honesty to avow it. It is not surprising that he should perceive a striking similarity between the political principles of Jefferson and Jackson, or that he should strenuously contend that the administration of the one "practically illustrates the doctrine" of the other. This is what the democratic papers throughout the Union have always asserted, and for its truth can confidently appeal to every one whose political recollections will carry him back to the days of Jefferson or who has since learned the character and principles of his administration. The time which has elapsed since the active political life of Jefferson will now permit his opinions to be examined and discussed with a judgment unbiassed by former partialities or prejudices—and notwithstanding the assertion of the Courier that his administration "was the primal curse upon our country" we believe that a large majority of the American People, upon such an examination, will concur in the opinion that the principles which characterized it are the only principles by which the stability and permanency of our civil institutions can be effectually secured and the rights and liberties of the people successfully maintained. It is for its attachment and rigid adherence to the republican doctrines of Jefferson that the people of the nation are now so anxious and determined to sustain the administration of Jackson—and we are fully persuaded they will triumphantly sustain it, notwithstanding the unparalleled efforts now making by different and discordant factions, cemented together by the influence of the U. S. Bank and aiming only at the destruction of the President and the annihilation of his republican principles.

A SIGN. The principal places in Maine in which Mr. Sprague has been received with any tokens of respect are the old federal towns of Kennebec, Portland, North Yarmouth, Brunswick and Hallowell. Will the republicans of this State think it any recommendation of Mr. Sprague, that these strong holds of Federalism should discover such a particular interest in sustaining his political reputation and promoting his preferment?

If we recollect right Gov. Gore, on his triumphant tour through Maine, received similar honours in the same places.—[Age.]
The Portland Advertiser and other federal papers are making a great noise about Col. James P. Bull, an editor and office holder somewhere in Pennsylvania, who formerly supported the administration, but whom the Bank has succeeded in detaching from it. His renunciation begins with the following:—

"I was strongly attached to Gen. Jackson, and had what Mr. Van Buren thought 'glory enough'—the honor of serving under the Chief, with a higher salary than I expect [expected] ever to receive again!"
The man is candid. He tells us why he supported Gen. Jackson, he had a higher salary than he expected ever to receive again.—The Bank probably found means to change his opinion as to the salary, and now he says he can no longer support the "executive in his usurpations of power!" Let him go. Gen. Jackson wants no friends for salary's sake.—[Age.]

At a district convention held at Haverhill, on the 4th inst. Hon. GAYTON P. OSACON was unanimously nominated for a re-election to Congress.

THE BANK SENATOR.

Mr. Sprague has frequently boasted that he was "no man's Senator!" He need give himself no great trouble on this point. The people very well understand whose Senator he is. His course for some time past has pointed him out as the Bank Senator. The people know this to be the case—Mr. Sprague knows it, and the Bank knows it. The bank even acknowledges the relationship, and seems to feel the obligation it is under to compensate him in some measure for having lost the confidence and respect of his constituents by his devotion to the interests of that corrupt and corrupting institution. Hence we find its minions and partisans attempting to get up a parade to welcome him on his return home. At Portsmouth, where there is established a Branch of the Mammoth Institution, he was lauded with a sort of Bank barbecue—and a laudatory Address was read to him—by whom?—why, who should it be but the President of the Branch Bank at that place, Gen. Timothy Upham! His reception at the places between Portsmouth and Portland is hardly worth mentioning. Although the partisans of the Bank did attempt to warm up its friends and get up some show of parade, it proved a complete failure, and must have been deeply mortifying to all concerned. But who meets the honorable Senator at Portland, in notes of commendation and assures him that he has acted nobly? Again 'tis the President of the Branch Bank, Gen. Joshua Wingate, whose name must be somewhat familiar to our democratic friends. Will any one who examines these facts, doubt whose Senator Mr. Sprague is? We think not.—[His course in the Senate has not shown sufficiently, the 'collar' which he wears, we should suppose that such transactions would remove all doubts.]—[Saco Democrat.]

Let it be well known, and carefully remembered, by the democracy of the United States, that the Legislative resolves of the State of New Hampshire, were refused a place on the Journal of the Senate, and not even printed! Such is the manner in which a Republican STATE is treated in a body which is the peculiar representative of the STATES!

Old Federalists under the Wig mask.—The New York Mercantile Advertiser says in praise of the Senate, "It was a body of men who had the moral courage to uphold the constitution; and laws, not only for the people, but in spite of the people!" In spite of the people! Do you hear this republicans of New Jersey? The Senate have worked their own will in spite of the people.

They have condemned the people's president, in spite of the people.

They have kicked the republican memorialists from their presence, in spite of the people.

They have rejected the people's faithful servants, in spite of the people.
This is the character of the Senate given by its friends. They have acted in spite of the people's instructions from December to July. But what have they done in spite of Nicholas Biddle? Nothing. He has been served—all his malevolent and ambitious wishes gratified by this same Senate, in spite of the people; and, we might add, to spite the people, for withholding a re-charter. O, righteous Senate!—Trenton Emporium.

—The aristocrats of this country, in assuming the name of "Whigs," are practising the greatest piece of cant and humbuggery ever enacted anywhere. Their co-laborers, the Tories in England, are highly scandalised, that their friends who have so long maintained their principles in this hemisphere, should have so disgraced their name as to be obliged meanly to assume that of their opponents. The aristocracy of Europe have some principles of honor, which the mushroom nobility of America never possessed. They go the whole figure for the divine right of monopoly, priestcraft, and all and glory in it; or would-be lords, dukes, and bishops are now, and ever have been, signing and struggling for the "flashes of Egypt," without the manhood to avow it. They stick at nothing but telling the truth, and that sticks in their throats.—[Boston statesman.]

From the New-York Times.
The opposition seem to have adopted for their motto a couplet from the celebrated "Daisy Sally," a poem written by John Quincy Adams many years since in the abuse of the illustrious Jefferson. The following are the lines:—

"And Barlow stanzas shall indite
A bard the tide that tapers Sir:
And if we cannot alter things
At least we'll change their names Sir."

So it is with the Bank party. Previous to the spring election they determined to undergo a new political baptism, but they were more puzzled to know what to call themselves than was the father of poor Tristram Shandy in finding a name for his hopeful son. "We are national republicans," said one. "Not by a good deal" said another, "that name won't take." "Then we are democrats," cried a third squid. "Any thing but that" cried out, a number of very respectable old gentlemen who gloried in never having during the whole course of their lives, given a democratic vote! "We are federalists and we may as well come out under that name as any other, for the cause of democracy is evidently tottering, and the vulgar despotism of the people will soon be destroyed." The knowing ones were pretty generally of the opinion that it would never answer to call themselves federalists. So they ran over the whole list of old party names. The titles of Hartford

Conventionists, peace party men, Essex junior men coddies, dough faces, and people's men, were all congenial and suited both their professions and their principles admirably, but it would have been the height of impudence to have adopted either of them. The election was fast approaching, and the bank party had fully provided the ways and means of carrying it on, but alas they had no name. We are certainly a very strong party said they, but who the devil are we—

"Little dancing lovers are we are,
But who the deuce is our papa?"

Will nobody give us a name that we can stick to, for no sooner are we christened, than a dozen new titles are tacked to us, and we have more aliases than an old state prison bird. At this critical juncture the Courier and Enquirer stepped in.—Gentlemen, said that immaculate journal we will suggest a name that will suit your purposes admirably.—Call yourselves Whigs. The suggestion was a lucky one—and was forthwith adopted, and that respectable federalist Mr. Philip Hone volunteered to stand sponsor at the baptism. Such is the baptismal history of the whig party. Its leaders are the Hartford Conventionists, the denouncers of the late war as becoming a moral and religious people, the despisers of democracy which they regard as a vulgar despotism.—They will get tired of their new title before man-things are over, and undergo a new political christening, but a hundred times will not regenerate them. They are the Bank party, and though they adopt a hundred aliases, they will be met and defeated as the bank party.

American Feeling.—The mob that attacked the house of Mr. Lewis Tappan, on Wednesday night, were for a moment arrested in their work of destruction upon the furniture by the discovery, that they were about committing to the flames the "Hkeness of Washington." A general cry was sent forth—"it is Washington—in the name of God don't burn Washington." The painting was thereupon borne off in triumph by the populace, and safely deposited in a neighboring house.—N. Y. Com.

Notice to Oxford Congressional District.

THE DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICANS in the several incorporated towns and plantations in Oxford Congressional District, by delegates chosen from said towns and plantations in said District, are requested to meet on Paris-Hill, in Convention at the Court-House, on Wednesday the 13th day of August next, at eleven o'clock A. M., for the express purpose of selecting and putting into nomination some suitable person as a Candidate to be supported by the Democratic party, for election at the next annual September election, to represent said District in the twenty-fourth Congress of the United States of America. Each incorporated town and plantation is requested to send as many Delegates as towns and plantations were entitled to at the formation of the Constitution of the State of Maine at its organization.

ALVAN BOLSTER, per order
Rumford, June 11, 1834.

Notice to Oxford Senatorial District.

THE DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICANS of Oxford Senatorial District are requested to assemble through the medium of Delegates from the several towns and plantations in said Senatorial District, on Paris-Hill in Convention, on Wednesday the 13th day of August next, at one of the clock P. M., for the express purpose of selecting and putting two suitable persons in nomination for election as Senators to the next Legislature of the State of Maine; and to put some suitable person in nomination to be supported at the next annual September election for County Treasurer for said County of Oxford. Each town and plantation is requested to send as many Delegates as towns and plantations were entitled to when framing the Constitution of the State of Maine at its organization. It is wished that there might be a general attendance.

ALVAN BOLSTER, per order.
Rumford, June 11, 1834.

DIED.

In Bangor, Miss Nancy R., daughter of Mr. Wm. Warren, of this town, aged about 23.

At Rumford-Corner.

CLOCKS, TIME PIECES, WATCHES, JEWELRY, &c. &c.

W. M. H. H. MCGILVERAY,

WOULD respectfully inform the public that he has established himself at Rumford-Corner, where he will attend to all calls in the above line.

All business sent to him from a distance, by Stage Drivers, or otherwise, will receive immediate and careful attention. 60

NOTICE.

COMMITTED to my custody by Daniel Merritt, field driver, on the 16th day of July, instant, at evening—one sorrel MARE, one dark brown MARE, with a yoke on her neck, and one sorrel colored COLT with some white in his face.—Said horses are alleged to have been taken up in the enclosure of Sillman Noyes in Jay. The owners are requested to pay damages, forfeitures, and costs, and take them away.
ALSON LOTHROP, Pound-keeper, Jay.
Jay, July 17, 1834. Sw60

The Hartford Pearl, AND LITERARY GAZETTE.

VOLUME FOURTH—PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

Edited by Isaac C. Pray, Junr.

THE publisher flattered and encouraged by steady and increasing support, has concluded to issue the fourth volume of this journal in weekly numbers. The first number of the FOURTH VOLUME will be issued at Hartford, Conn., on Saturday, August 16th, 1834; and thereafter the work will be published every week, each number containing eight large quarto pages—equal to sixty duodecimo pages—of miscellaneous and original matter, printed on superior white paper, with perfectly new type. A handsome title-page and correct index will be furnished, and the work, at the end of the year, will form an exactly printed volume of four hundred and sixteen pages, equal to three thousand duodecimo pages.

The volume will contain twenty-six pieces of music for the Piano Forte, Flute, &c. equal to one hundred pages of common sheet music, which could not be purchased separately for less than five dollars; and the publisher is determined to procure the simple rather than the complex and difficult.

Although the publisher places no dependence whatever in the support of it, as a literary paper, from its engravings, yet there will be presented occasionally, plates from copper and wood of beautiful workmanship and finish.

The contents will be various and spirited, as there will be, each month, a General Record of Occurrences, Statistics, Obituary Notices, List of Marriages and Deaths, &c. &c. in addition to the Tales, Legends, Essays, Travelling, Literary, Figurative and Historical Sketches, Biography, Poetry, &c. &c., making an elegant paper for the parlor, and for the lover of polite literature, as contributions will be secured from some of the most popular American Authors.

The work will be printed as well, and contain as much reading matter as any similar quarto paper now published in the United States; and it can safely and truly be called the cheapest journal of the kind. To Hartford and to the State of Connecticut in particular, and to New England, the publisher looks for patronage.

Prices.—Three dollars per annum, (as the paper is firmly established,) to be paid in advance. Two dollars for six months to be paid in advance. Orders, with the payment, should be sent in by the first of August if possible.

Hartford, June 16, 1834. 50

NORWAY HIGH SCHOOL.

THE subscriber will commence the Fall Term of this School the first Monday in August. The course of instruction will embrace all the various branches of English, together with the ancient and modern languages. No pains will be spared to render the school interesting and profitable.

Tuition, \$3 00 for the quarter.

GEORGE F. TOWNSBURY.

Norway, July 12, 1834. 3w 48

Valuable Land For Sale.

THE valuable lot of land, situated in Paris, being the southerly part of lots No. 25, and 26, in the 6th Range, is offered for sale by the assigns of WILLIAM HYDE, at a great bargain. For information apply to THOMAS CLARK, Esq. of Paris, or to

CHAS. E. BARNETT, Assignees.

MARTIN GORE, WM. C. MITCHELL, if 88

Portland, July 21, 1834.

Bargains!! Bargains!!!

MOSES HAMMOND,

WOULD inform his friends and customers that he has just received a fresh supply of

New Goods,

which added to his former stock makes it complete. Purchasers, desirous of good bargains, are invited to call and examine for themselves, where they will not fail to be pleased both in price and quality.

WANTED in exchange for goods at low cash prices.

3000 lbs. WOOL.

5000 lbs. BUTTER.

Paris-Hill, July 1, 1834. if 46

New Goods, CHEAP.

THE subscribers, having formed a Copartnership in trade, offer for sale an extensive assortment of NEW GOODS, just received from BOSTON.—Among which are

15 pieces Black, Blue and Mixed BROAD- CLOTHS.

20 pieces KERSYMERES & SATINNETTS.

100 pieces CALICO of the most fashionable col- ours.

60 pieces French & common MUSELINS & CAM- BRICS.

20 pieces SILK of different qualities—160 SILK, Cotton, Crapes & Fancy HOPS.

200 yards RIBBONS, different colors.—60 RAYB Silk, Worsted, Crapes & Valenciennes SHAWLS, pair of Gentlemen's & Ladies GLOVES.—

150 200 yards GINGHAMS.

200 yards RED CHECKING, DRILLINGS, JEANS, &c. for Summer wear.

3500 yards DROWN SHEETINGS—600 lbs white & blue WARP YARN—400 pair MONROCO, PRUNELLO, KID, CALSKIN, & THICK SHOES.

A great variety of CROCKERY, GLASS & HARD WARE. WEST INDIA GOODS & GROCERIES of the first quality for family use.

Also—FLOUR, WHEAT, CORN & OATS.

A large assortment of PAINTS, OILS, & MEDICINES.

All which have been selected with the greatest care and will be sold for a small profit for Cash, Credit or Produce.

WANTED in exchange for Goods at low Cash prices.

3000 lbs. WOOL.

4000 lbs. BUTTER.

Customers both old and new are requested to call at the old Stand and the new—(two Stores) where they will not fail to be pleased with the above Goods both in price and quality, and with every article that is wanted

ALFRED ANDREWS, SULLIVAN ANDREWS, ISAAC BUTTERFIELD.

Paris, May 25, 1834. if 47

LAST CALL.

ALL persons indebted to the late firm of FORD & LAYTON by bill or account are requested to make immediate payment, or their demands will be left with an Attorney for collection.

ASA THAYER, Jr.

Paris, June 23, 1834. [U] 45

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourth Tuesday of May, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-four, JONAS SPALDING Administrator on the estate of Samuel Hutchinson, late of Backfield, in said county, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of said deceased—

Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said county, on the fourth Tuesday of August next at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

STEPHEN C. BERRY, Judge.

Copy Attest: J. S. G. C. R., Register.

CONTROVERSY BETWEEN TWO WIDOWS.—HANNAH and SARAH.

Sarah—Friend Hannah these seems to have things about thee.

Hannah—Yes, I am very comfortably on't, S.—Well thy husband and mine died about the same time I think.

H.—Yes I think they did.

S.—How many children has thee?

H.—I have two.

S.—Well, I have five, and I find hard getting along.

H.—I have found a great many friends.

S.—So have I but I cannot expect them to maintain my family.

H.—Why, I administered on my husband's estate, and the Judge gave me \$300, which was a great help to me. It was about all my husband possessed, besides the cost of administering.

S.—Well, I did not administer, for my husband owed nothing and had but little due him; but these knows that thy husband owed him 25 dollars, which I depended much on, and think I have a right to expect thee to pay it to me, or at least a part of it.

H.—I am sure I have nothing to give away.

S.—But don't thee think it would be right?

H.—I don't doubt it would be right if I had a mind to do it; but I am sure I have nothing to give away, for I am about to send my two girls to a dancing school, and can hardly get money enough to pay their board.

S.—I have no such use for money; but I really hope that thee will refund, if but a small part of it, to enable me to buy my children some bread and school books; and I would ask thee what right the Judge had to give thee my children's property.

H.—I dare say the Judge knew what he was about for he is a very fine man, and I'll warrant you that he did nothing contrary to law.

S.—I know but little about law; but I have heard say that the law did not always do justice, and I am sure that men do not always.

H.—Well I must tell you that I have nothing to give away to those that are able to work.

S.—Surely I am able to work, spin and weave, and some of my children begin to do a little of such kind of work; and why can't thy children work for a living as well as mine?

H.—I am sure they can work, for they do fine sewing and work muslin as well as any woman in town, and they save me paying out a great deal,—but if we had gone to spinning and weaving and such kind of work, I don't believe the Judge would have given us one cent.

S.—I know nothing about the Judge, but what I learn from thee—but after telling thee that there is a Judge that will judge righteous judgment between thee and me—I must bid thee farewell.

S.—So came sounds to the ears of

OSERVIO.

Who can live without a newspaper? What man will content himself with such ignorance;—Better, far better, live on one meal a day, or live on the cheapest homeliest food. Talk of expense! What expense is it! It is the cheapest book you can buy, for there is in it more reading matter than can be purchased in any book for double the sum. A father of family who does not give his children a newspaper, is guilty of sin towards them. He takes away stimulus that will create an appetite for reading, for study; stimulus that will make them better scholars and better men.

Noble Sentiments. Lord Erskine was distinguished through life, for independence of principle, for his integrity and for his scrupulous adherence to truth. He once explained the rule of his conduct, which ought to be generally known and adopted. It ought to be deeply engraven on every heart. He said—'It was the first command and counsel of my youth, always to do what my conscience told me to be a duty and to leave the consequences to God. I shall carry with me the memory, and I trust the practice of his paternal lesson to the grave. I have hitherto followed, and have no reason to complain that my obedience to it has been even a temporal sacrifice. I have found it on the contrary, the road to prosperity and wealth, and I shall point it out as such to my children.'

Thistle Harvest. Now is the very time to harvest your thistles, and from appearances, some will, no doubt, have an abundant crop.—Down with them sunshine or no sunshine, and carry them into your hogstye or muck yard, provided they have not gone to seed or been long in blossom. And not only your own but rouse up your neighbors to the business also. Some are particularly generous in this kind of crop, inasmuch that they seldom cut it, but let the seed fly abroad for the benefit of the public. If in this respect these liberal souls would "let their charity begin at home," and cut their own crop and take care of it, there would be much less trouble and fewer thorns in the path of farmer. (Maine Farmer.)

PARTIES.—"WHIGS."

A writer in the Richmond, (Va) Enquirer, says:—"Few things have surprised me more than the readiness with which some good and honest Democrats have exchanged their honorable name for the English and Monarchical designation 'Whig.'—That Monarchists and Aristocrats should adopt it, is no wonder.—That the United States Bank and its supporters should seize upon this or any other expedient, to cheat the People, was to be expected. For my part, I would as soon be a Tory as a

Whig; for, both Whigs and Tories were Monarchists. When the names had any meaning at all in England, where they originated, they were used pretty much in the same way, and for the same purpose that the Cunning One would use them in this country—that is, to deceive the People, and climb over their heads into power. He imported a system from Europe, and christened it the 'American System.' That trick failed him. His British agents have imported a party name from England; but, to escape a solerism, they forbear to attach American to this English stranger—American Whig! The English Whigs changed their name to Hanoverians on the accession of their Gracious Sovereign Geo. I.—and when our American Whigs shall have put their great Hanoverian, Henry I, into power, and re-character the Whig-Bank, they too will be no longer Whigs, but Hanoverians, and the People will be Jacobites. [Repub. Journal.]

Col. Benton proposed the following resolution in the Senate on the last day of the session, which was laid upon the table. If not adopted at the next session, we have no doubt that it will be as soon as the wishes of the people can be truly represented in that body:

Resolved: That the resolution of the Senate, adopted on Friday, the 28th day of March last, declaring "That the President, in the executive proceedings, in relation to the public revenue, has assumed upon himself authority and power not conferred by the constitution and laws, but in derogation of both," is a resolution imputing impeachable matter to the President, and ought not to have been passed upon by the Senate, except in the regular forms of a constitutional impeachment, and that the said resolution ought to be expunged from the Journal of the Senate, and is hereby directed to be expunged therefrom accordingly.

The Post-Master at Londonderry, Vt. has recently been detected in robbing several letters of various sums of money which had come to that office. The opposition press, as soon as this matter came to light, caught hold of it, and at once pronounced Sheldon the offender to be a Jackson man, who was appointed in the place of some honest opposition man, proscribed. They were however, a little too last—upon enquiry it turns out, that the Post-Master is an opposition man—a real modern Whig—and not a Jackson man as stated by the opposition. Since his arrest the robber has escaped from a deputy sheriff who had him in custody, and who is also a brother "whig."

Democrat Repub.

A civil insult. 'What is the reason,' said a very pretty one, 'that I cannot dress my hair so becomingly as yours, though I try all possible ways?' 'This easily explained,' replied the proud beauty; 'don't you see that I adjust my curls to the form of my countenance; whilst yours always turns away from the face, which is very ugly.'

Emergent honesty. An Irishman having succeeded in picking a person's pocket, the gentleman turned round and caught him by the collar. 'There,' said Patrick, handing him the money, 'see how easy I might have picked your pocket!'

Book Borrowing. Sir Walter, in lending a book one day to a friend, cautioned him to be punctual in returning it. 'This really is necessary,' said the poet, in apology, 'for though many of my friends are bad arithmeticians, I observe all of them to be good book-keepers.'

A lawyer once pleading with great ability the cause of his client for near an hour. When he had done, his antagonist, with a supercilious sneer, said, he did not understand a word the other had said.—Who neatly replied, 'Believe me, sir, for I was speaking law.'

To the Hon. County Commissioners for the County of Oxford, June term, 1834.

THE Subscribers, inhabitants of the County of Oxford, would respectfully represent that a public road or highway is much needed to connect the line between the towns of Brownfield and Eaton, N. H. near the dwelling house of Abraham Linscott in said Brownfield, thence running Southerly and Easterly near the house of Thomas Cole, Esq. and Mr. Stephen Rounds in said Brownfield, to the line between said Brownfield and Porter, thence about the same direction by or near the house of Mr. George Kennards on the most convenient ground till it strikes the old county road, or otherwise, till it intersects or strikes the New County road, leading from the town of Freedom, N. H. to Cornish. Your petitioners would therefore request that the Commissioners of said county, would appoint a time to meet, explore, and lay out said road.

STEPHEN ROUNDS, & 10 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners begun and held at Paris within and for said County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of June, A. D. 1834.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested, that the County Commissioners will meet at the dwelling house of Col. Eben, Rawson in said Paris, on Thursday the eighteenth day of September next, at nine o'clock A. M., when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said petition and of this Order of the County Commissioners to be served on the Clerk of said County of Oxford, and on the County Attorney of said County of Oxford, and by posting up like copies in three public places in each of said towns of Livermore and Turner, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the first made, served, and posted, at least, thirty days before the said time of meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest: R. K. GOODENOW, Clerk.

A true copy of said Petition and Order thereon.

Attest: R. K. GOODENOW, Clerk.

To the Hon. County Commissioners for the County of Oxford, at their Session begun and held at Paris, in and for said County on the 3d Tuesday of June, A. D. 1834.

THE undersigned respectfully represent, that a new County road is much needed, beginning near Col. Eben, Rawson in Paris aforesaid, and then running N. E. to a valley, and thence a road leading from Summer to John Butterfield's; and that a further location of a County road is necessary, beginning at some convenient point on the road already prayed for on or near said Butterfield's land, and extending to the most convenient direction to Washington's Mill in said Paris. The former location will accommodate the travel from Summer, and is connected with the Summer road, and the latter will aid the Woodstock travel, and is connected with the Woodstock road, and both are required for general public accommodation, and the undersigned pray that the same be located and established. They further pray, that the petition of Ozen Gurney & Co. be continued until a decision be had on this petition.

ASAPH KITTRIDGE, & 50 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners begun and held at Paris within and for said County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of June, A. D. 1834.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested, that the County Commissioners will meet at the dwelling house of Col. Eben, Rawson in said Paris, on Thursday the eighteenth day of September next, at nine o'clock A. M., when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said petition and of this Order of the County Commissioners to be served on the Clerk of said County of Oxford, and on the County Attorney of said County of Oxford, and by posting up like copies in three public places in each of said towns of Livermore and Turner, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the first made, served, and posted, at least, thirty days before the said time of meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest: R. K. GOODENOW, Clerk.

A true copy of said Petition and Order thereon.

Attest: R. K. GOODENOW, Clerk.

To the Hon. County Commissioners for the County of Oxford, at their Court next to be held at Paris on the third Tuesday of June, A. D. 1834.

ESTABLISH a new County road, connecting near the Spectacle ponds in Livermore in said County, thence west of Lovell's Hill by Bretton's Mills to Turner-Village in Turner, in said County, or so much of the distance between these termini as you shall deem necessary, to be located and established, and to be a public highway, and necessary for, or to make such accommodations in the road as now travelled, as you may deem necessary.

ROBERT GOODENOW, & 100 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners begun and held at Paris within and for said County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of June, A. D. 1834.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested, that the County Commissioners will meet at the dwelling house of Asa Francis in Livermore on Friday the twelfth day of September next, and at North Turner of September next, at nine o'clock A. M. on each of said days, when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said petition and of this Order of the County Commissioners to be served on the Clerk of said towns of Livermore and Turner, and on the County Attorney of said County of Oxford, and by posting up like copies in three public places in each of said towns of Livermore and Turner, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the first made, served, and posted, at least, thirty days before the said time of meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

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ROBERT GOODENOW, & 100 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

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ROBERT GOODENOW, & 100 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

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ESTABLISH a new County road, connecting near the Spectacle ponds in Livermore in said County, thence west of Lovell's Hill by Bretton's Mills to Turner-Village in Turner, in said County, or so much of the distance between these termini as you shall deem necessary, to be located and established, and to be a public highway, and necessary for, or to make such accommodations in the road as now travelled, as you may deem necessary.

ROBERT GOODENOW, & 100 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

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ESTABLISH a new County road, connecting near the Spectacle ponds in Livermore in said County, thence west of Lovell's Hill by Bretton's Mills to Turner-Village in Turner, in said County, or so much of the distance between these termini as you shall deem necessary, to be located and established, and to be a public highway, and necessary for, or to make such accommodations in the road as now travelled, as you may deem necessary.

ROBERT GOODENOW, & 100 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners begun and held at Paris within and for said County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of June, A. D. 1834.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested, that the County Commissioners will meet at the dwelling house of Asa Francis in Livermore on Friday the twelfth day of September next, and at North Turner of September next, at nine o'clock A. M. on each of said days, when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said petition and of this Order of the County Commissioners to be served on the Clerk of said towns of Livermore and Turner, and on the County Attorney of said County of Oxford, and by posting up like copies in three public places in each of said towns of Livermore and Turner, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the first made, served, and posted, at least, thirty days before the said time of meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest: R. K. GOODENOW, Clerk.

A true copy of said Petition and Order thereon.

Attest: R. K. GOODENOW, Clerk.

To the Hon. County Commissioners within and for the County of Oxford, at their Session to be held at Paris, within and for said County on the 3d Tuesday of June, A. D. 1834.

THE Subscribers respectfully represent that the County Road as now travelled from Hiram through the Brownfield Centre, in said County, to Eaton N. H., is made by establishing a new County Road on some portions of the distance, and by making alterations of the old County road in other portions of the distance.—They therefore pray that after due proceedings had, such new County road and such alterations of the old road, as may be adjudged expedient may be established, beginning near the dwelling house of James Steele in Brownfield, thence running westerly, in the best place to where the old County road and Eaton aforesaid; and that such portions of the old County road as may become unnecessary to the public, in consequence of the laying out of the new road and alterations of the old road as herein prayed for, may be discontinued. All in said Brownfield.

SAMUEL E. SPRING, & 5 others.

Brownfield, June 9, 1834.

STATE OF MAINE.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners begun and held at Paris within and for said County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of June, A. D. 1834.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested, that the County Commissioners will meet at the dwelling house of Gen. James Steele in said Brownfield, on Wednesday the 10th day of August next, at nine o'clock A. M., when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said petition and of this Order of the County Commissioners to be served on the Clerk of said County of Oxford, and on the County Attorney of said County of Oxford, and by posting up like copies in three public places in each of said towns of Brownfield and Eaton, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the first made, served, and posted, at least, thirty days before the said time of meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest: R. K. GOODENOW, Clerk.

A true copy of said Petition and Order thereon.

Attest: R. K. GOODENOW, Clerk.

To the Hon. County Commissioners for the County of Oxford, at their Session begun and held at Paris, in and for said County on the 3d Tuesday of June, A. D. 1834.

THE undersigned respectfully represent, that a new County road is much needed, beginning near Col. Eben, Rawson in Paris aforesaid, and then running N. E. to a valley, and thence a road leading from Summer to John Butterfield's; and that a further location of a County road is necessary, beginning at some convenient point on the road already prayed for on or near said Butterfield's land, and extending to the most convenient direction to Washington's Mill in said Paris. The former location will accommodate the travel from Summer, and is connected with the Summer road, and the latter will aid the Woodstock travel, and is connected with the Woodstock road, and both are required for general public accommodation, and the undersigned pray that the same be located and established. They further pray, that the petition of Ozen Gurney & Co. be continued until a decision be had on this petition.

ASAPH KITTRIDGE, & 50 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners begun and held at Paris within and for said County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of June, A. D. 1834.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested, that the County Commissioners will meet at the dwelling house of Col. Eben, Rawson in said Paris, on Thursday the eighteenth day of September next, at nine o'clock A. M., when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said petition and of this Order of the County Commissioners to be served on the Clerk of said County of Oxford, and on the County Attorney of said County of Oxford, and by posting up like copies in three public places in each of said towns of Livermore and Turner, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the first made, served, and posted, at least, thirty days before the said time of meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

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ESTABLISH a new County road, connecting near the Spectacle ponds in Livermore in said County, thence west of Lovell's Hill by Bretton's Mills to Turner-Village in Turner, in said County, or so much of the distance between these termini as you shall deem necessary, to be located and established, and to be a public highway, and necessary for, or to make such accommodations in the road as now travelled, as you may deem necessary.

ROBERT GOODENOW, & 100 others.

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ROBERT GOODENOW, & 100 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

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